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## The House of Ill-Luck

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### From Gloom to Sunlight.

Sir Douglas never forgot that drive in Jasper Knight's motor car, those few hours after they had escaped from the house in Harrington street. The two men Craven and Coxon, incensed at their leader for protecting him, had fired at them both, wounding Sir Douglas in the arm and Jasper Knight by the side. But they had the satisfaction of seeing the two men and Laura Craven taken prisoners by the police, who had come to the house attracted by the sound of shots, and Sir Douglas had gone away with the arch-villain of them all, yet the one who had played the man's part at the end.

"I can be arrested later on," Knight had smiled when the police had looked at Sir Douglas for instructions. "I am going to motor him to Cornwall first."

"The charge is one of shooting with intent to murder," Sir Douglas had explained quickly. "Knight did his best to defend me and is wounded himself. I should have been dead but for his intervention."

Then had come that long motor drive, flashing through town after town, touching the fringes of cities, and again vanishing into the wild, lonely country, on and on, pulse and brain beating a tune to the throbbing of the engine.

"The thought of the girl he loved, alone in the underground passage with a mad woman, who might in his frenzy do her some deadly harm, made Sir Douglas feel that he couldn't cover the ground quickly enough. They had passed three minutes on the road for a drink, and he had sent a telegram to Dacre to follow him on to Luck House. Then on again, until at night they came in sight of the coast and heard the boom of the sea against the rocks.

"Here we are!" Knight said. "In an other half hour we should be there. It's been a record trip," he smiled grimly. "I have to thank you for this," Sir Douglas replied. "You've been awfully decent. I am grateful."

"You have no cause to be grateful," was the reply. "I've been a bad lot all my life, but I've generally been good to men—not women. And besides," he said, "I love her too—in my selfish way."

Sir Douglas was silent. The man by his side was the legal husband of the girl he loved. He had been so forgetful that in his excitement and their common danger, but now it all came back to him, and he knew that he had another battle to fight if she was still alive; for, dead, his spirit would join his as its mate.

When they arrived at Luck House, Knight stopped the car. "I will help you to find her," he said, "and then go. She won't want me."

"But she's your wife," Sir Douglas said sternly.

"The other's right. That will be no charm in her eyes. Better if she were my widow."

A few moments later Sir Douglas had entered the house, and he had met him in the hall, their faces white and frightened.

"Have you found them?" he said quickly.

Keziah shook her head. "No; we've searched in the tower even, and—"

But he brushed past her. "Come to the door in the west wing that leads into the underground passage," he said hoarsely. "We shall find them there."

Keziah looked at him with startled eyes. "I went there first, sir, and when your telegram, saying we were to search, came, we found the door locked, and nothing will open it—and we don't like to call the neighbors."

"Let me come with you," Knight said. "I am as strong as a lion, thank heaven for that!"

A few moments later both men had found the door to the top of the stairs, case in the secret passage, and after a few heavy blows, that echoed all over the house, they broke the door down and entered, followed by Keziah and old Jason with lights.

Suddenly Sir Douglas gave a cry of relief, and, hurrying forward, he fell on his knees beside Rosemary's slim figure and raised her in his arms. One glance at her white, unconscious face told him that at least she was still alive. "We must look for my mother," he said. "God knows what has happened to her."

When they found her a little lower down, for Rosemary had evidently slipped herself at the first sound of the knocking and tried to crawl nearer the door to cry out—they raised her form with reverent hands, for the mistress of Luck House had been released from the iron hand that had held her reason captive for so long, and the smile on her face was the smile her son remembered as a child.

It was some hours before Rosemary was able to speak and tell the story of her imprisonment in the passage, and how she had been discovered by Lady Mallaby. The agony of mind she had passed through in those twenty-four hours had left its mark upon her face. When Sir Douglas was allowed to see her she flushed nervously.

"You have come to tell me about him?" she said.

"Not yet," he said gently. "I want first to tell you how I knew where you were, and how Knight showed he was not quite the worthless scamp the others were. He had a conscience."

Then he told her everything that had happened, leaving out nothing that had taken place since his absence.

"I tried my best to find out something that might free you from this marriage," he said, "but failed. We can only wait for Fate to make the way clear."

"I can't go to him," Rosemary faltered with trembling lips. "He was good to bring you here and to help you; but, oh, don't try to make me see him in any other light."

"I won't," he said quietly. "I don't think he will trouble you. He has gone back to London. He left a message for you. It was that he would not trouble or try to see you again."

"I am glad!" Rosemary murmured, "and when I am better I will go away. But before I go I want to show you something in the underground passage."

"How did you find it out?" he asked. "You never went into west wing?"

She shook her head. "No, but I will tell you everything when I am going away."

about that last detail," she went on calmly. "The rest does not concern me."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"This—that I happen to be his first wife—and a pretty substantial barrier between him and any other woman," she replied dryly. "We parted on account of his wandering habits and bad principles, and he was never a domestic sort of man, so we went different ways."

Sir Douglas sprang forward and caught her two hands in his.

"God bless you for coming all this way!" he said huskily. "You don't know what it means to me—and to some one else, to have this news."

She smiled. "I think I remember something you said that gave me that idea before, so I watched. As a rule, I never bother about his doings, but had I known he was thinking of adding bigamy to his accomplishments, I should have been more wary."

"You must come and stay a couple of days if you can," Sir Douglas said. "Miss French, the young lady who has suffered so much through my family affairs, is with us; my solicitor and his wife are with us, and if you will join us, Mme. Valco, I should be pleased. I have recently lost my mother," he went on, "and hope you will excuse the upset in the house."

The news that she was free from her unwanted husband gave Rosemary the impetus toward renewed health that she had needed.

One morning she was sitting in her own little boudoir. Mrs. Dacre, a pleasant, comely looking woman, and Mme. Valco had just left her, and she was thinking about the future when a knock came to the door, and Keziah entered the room.

"Dearie," she said, "there's Sir Douglas wishing to see you, and he is waiting by the door to the west wing that leads to the underground passage."

Rosemary rose, and a few minutes later, was standing in the place where she had passed those hours of mental agony. Her lover held her hands in his.

"Darling, there is no barrier between us now," he said. "You will marry me in the spring, won't you?"

She looked at him with eyes of love. "Yes," she whispered. "But come with me, Douglas. I want to show you something."

Then she led him to the place with the iron ring in the wall, and the words of the legend of the secret treasure.

"I made up my mind to try to find it for you," she said, when she had told him about the miniature he had found in his dead mother's hand. "I felt I could, and I did."

"You are the only treasure I want, darling," he said tenderly, "but we will search properly now for it. I suppose this old passage has been closed for centuries, but I discovered it accidentally, and had it cleared as a means of taking poor mother up to the tower when she became very bad."

"But she was happy when she died, Douglas," Rosemary said. "I told her about Knight not being the real Stephen Usher, and about my finding the place where the treasure was. I know she was happy. But at first I was frightened," she whispered. "I thought I was going to die."

He took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. "My own darling! In future

we have only happiness to face—the clouds are all behind. That youth French was let off by the magistrates when I appeared for him with the letter I got from that Craven woman, who admitted giving him a paste pendant, intending to throw the blame on you; and now this morning I heard that she, her brother, and Coxon have had different terms of imprisonment, and," he added slowly, "news has come that a steamer went down off the Spanish coast—and among the drowned was Jasper Knight's name!"

Rosemary raised her face to her lover's. The silver lining had indeed come to the clouds, and the gentle rain of pity shone in her eyes.

"I forgive every one because I am too happy for there to be room for unkind thoughts in my heart," she said. "Oh, Douglas, how beautiful our lives are going to be."

"I know mine is," he answered proudly, "for the legend of my house has come true—it is the House of Ill-Luck no longer."

But if he stay and hold his own in face of hardship and of hate. The love of maiden shall alone And set his luck forever straight.

Rosemary quoted softly.

Her lover bent his head to hers. "Love of maiden," he whispered, "has not only set my luck straight, but crowned my life with happiness."

THE END.

LETTERING ON HANDKERCHIEF

Advising Womanly Industry and Bible Reading.

From the London Globe.

Mr. C. Van Noorden declares that he has sought during ten years for one of these articles in vain, but he has recently been rewarded by receiving a specimen of the true moral pocket handkerchief from a lady collector of such things, who had picked up this article in a curio shop at Hammer Smith. This specimen is not of Pickwickian date, but is some sixty years old.

The lettering on this handkerchief is as follows: "Famous queens of England have worked with their own hands. Mary, Queen of William III, when not better employed, wrought with so constant diligence as if she had been compelled to earn her bread by it. She looked on idleness as the great corrupter of human nature, and that if the mind had no employment given it it would create some of the worst sort to itself. Some persons have worked to give away to others: Dorcas was a woman of this character, as is shown in the Bible, Acts ix:36-38."

Then follows the line in large letters: "Female industry in the use of the needle." A second morality printed below the picture refers to Dr. Johnson's views on the value of Bible reading.

"The moral pocket handkerchief idea is an old one, as several passages in our seventeenth century drama show. Thus, in Jasper Mayne's 'City March,' played before royalty at Whitehall in 1633, these lines occur:

She works religious petitions; for flowers She'll make church history; her needle doth So sanctify my embroidery! Besides My smock sleeves have such holy embroideries. And are so learned, that I fear, in time All my apparel will be quoted By some pure instructor.

Political handkerchiefs have, of course, long been common and were issued as lately as the time of the Boer war.

Marshmallow Cake.

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, yolks of four eggs, whites of three eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, four cupfuls of flour, three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three thick of four thinner layers.

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### Filling for Marshmallow Cake.

For the filling, put one-half of a pound of marshmallow candies on an agate dish and place in the open oven until they have melted and run together. In the meantime make a boiled icing with one cupful of granulated sugar and one-third of a cupful of hot water boiled together until sirup hairs, then poured over the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Add the melted marshmallows and beat slowly for five minutes. Spread this between the layers and on top. For the top layer put a number of marshmallows on a skewer and hold them over the open fire until they puff up and begin to brown, then quickly place them round the edge of the cake.

### Poached Egg Souffles with Cheese.

Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne. Set over the fire, and when mixed add, gradually, one pint of milk and stir until thick and smooth. Add one-half of a cupful of grated Swiss cheese and the beaten yolks of three eggs, stir until thickened and set aside until cool. Whip the whites of the eggs until stiff and dry and cut lightly into the cold mixture. Poach six fresh eggs in salted water until set, drain on a cloth, and place each on a square of buttered toast. Cover completely with the soufflé batter, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, and set in a hot oven until browned.

### Stuffing the Turkey.

Two quarts of stuffing is generally needed for a good-sized turkey. The foundation is stale bread finely crumbled; when the crusts are used they should be soaked in cold water until soft, then squeezed as dry as possible. To this may be added a high seasoning, and at least half a cupful of melted butter or other shortening. Additions may be made at will of chopped celery, raw oysters drained and quartered, raw sausage meat, chopped raw veal, boiled chestnuts chopped or rubbed through a sieve, chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley and truffles.

### Women as Anglers.

From the London Daily Mail.

"Patience and endurance, the two most wonderful characteristics of woman, are better developed in the year 1910 by practice in the art of fly fishing than by all the creations of table centers and embroideries indulged in by the grandmothers of the girls of to-day." Such was the declaration made by C. H. Cook, vice president of the City of London Piscatorial Society.

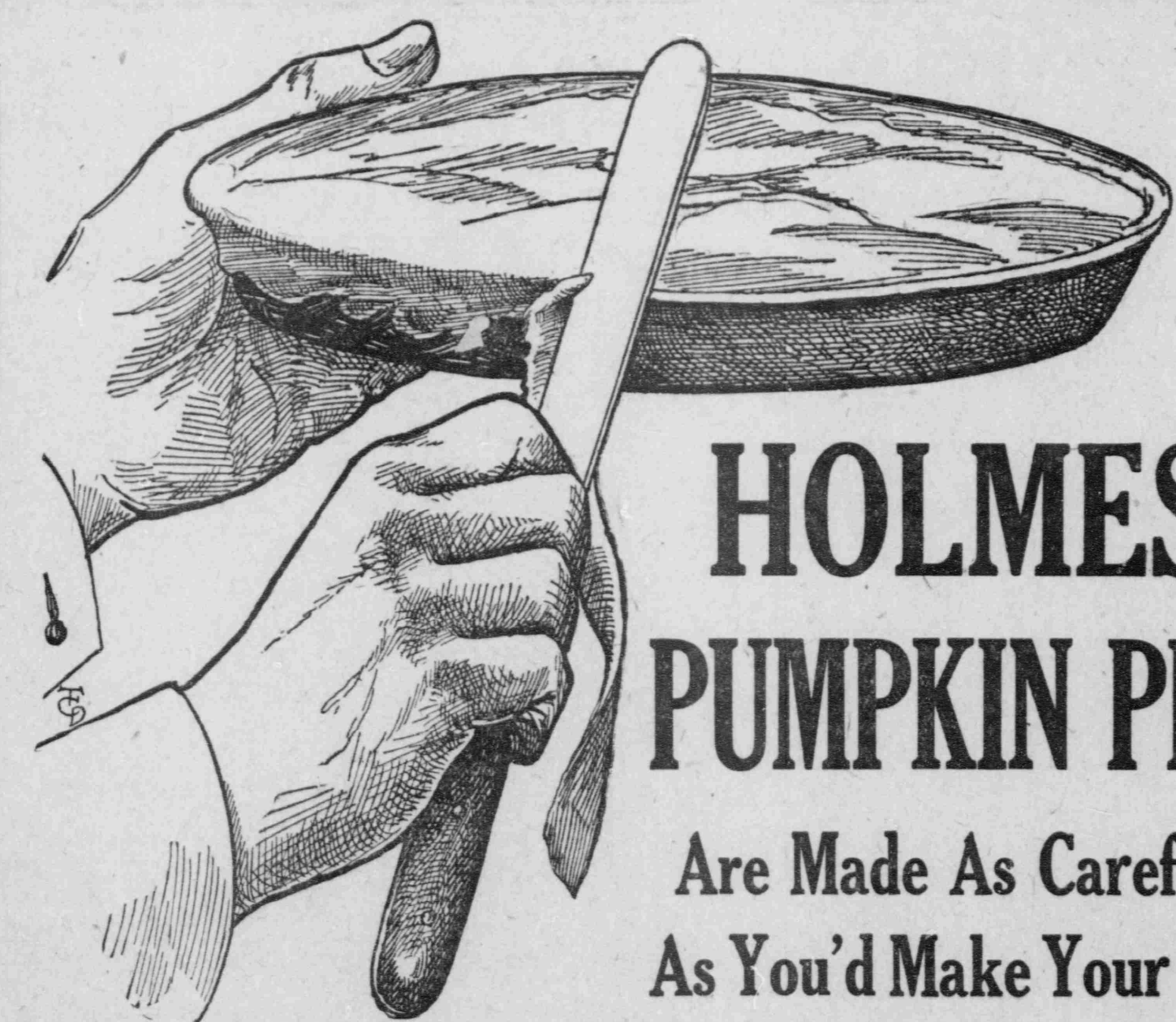
According to Mr. Cook, who is considered to be one of the most expert fishermen in England, woman's great quality in fishing is her determination. "If a woman wants to catch a fish," he said, "she catches her fish. She goes on trying because she has no pipe to light. Furthermore, she has the power to suffer in silence. The man grumbles and grunts, and when the boat is very uncomfortable he frequently remarks: 'Oh, let's get home!' The woman is different. 'I'd sooner jump into the lake than go home!' she says."

### Baked Stuffed Onions.

Select large onions, as near as a size as possible; peel them, cover with boiling salted water, and simmer for ten minutes. Drain, scoop out the center of each onion, and fill the cavity with cold minced meat of any kind, highly seasoned and moistened with beaten egg and a very little melted butter. Place the onions closely together in a baking pan, baste with a little butter, and bake in a moderate oven until tender and browned, basting occasionally with butter. Prepare separately one-half of a cupful of nice brown sauce, add the scooped out centers, after chopping very fine, season highly, and pour around the onions before serving.

### For Thin Dresses.

To stiffen waists, thin dresses, or hair ribbons, dampen them with a solution of gum arabic and water, and iron immediately. This is for dresses that have been muslin, but not soiled. Also after ribbons have been washed.



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**Chocolate Mousse.**  
Melt two squares of unsweetened chocolate over hot water, add a few tablespoonfuls of cream, and when mixed add it to the bowl of cream, three cupfuls altogether. Add one cupful of powdered sugar and stir until dissolved. Whip and take off the froth as it rises, laying it on a sieve to drain. When no more froth can be taken off, turn the drained froth into a wetted mold, cover, and bind the edge with a strip of muslin dipped into melted butter. Bury in ice and salt and set aside for three hours to freeze.

**Drying Beef.**  
To prepare beef to dry, that will be ready for use in a few days, cut beef in about one-pound pieces or any desired size. Dip each piece separately in boiling water, in an instant it will turn white; rub it all over with a thin covering of salt. Lay in a crock for two or three hours; then it is ready to hang up to dry.

**Baked Egg Plant.**  
Peel the eggplant and chop it fine; mix with an equal bulk of finely crumbled stale bread. For one quart put four tablespoonfuls of butter or nice dripping in a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of very finely chopped onion, and cook slowly until the onion colors, then stir into the prepared mixture. Season very highly with salt and pepper, turn into a greased baking pan, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

**Baked Squash.**  
Split and remove the seeds, dust each portion with salt and pepper, add bits of butter with a rather liberal hand, and bake in moderate oven until tender. The flesh is then scraped from the shell, mashed, seasoned, and served very hot.

**Roasting the Turkey.**  
For a turkey weighing from eight to ten pounds fully three hours' cooking in a hot oven will be necessary; for a bird weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, another hour should be added.

**Paints and Grass Stains.**  
Rub the stain well with lard or butter. Roll the garment up and let it remain overnight. The ordinary washing process will then remove every trace of the stain.

**No Trouble to Show Goods.**  
From Everybody's Magazine.  
"This necklace, madam," said the salesman newly promoted to the curio department, "was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them."